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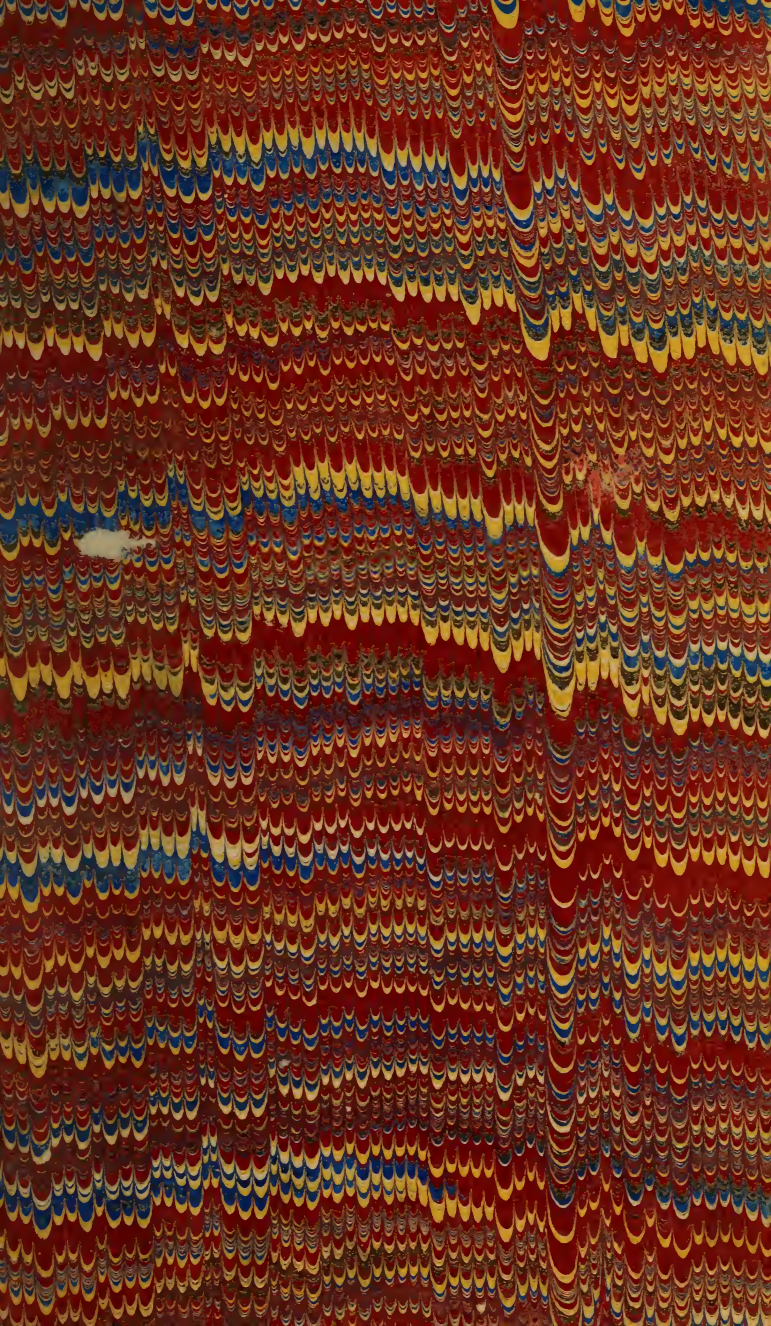

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# NEW LIGHTS
## FROM THE WORLD OF DARKNESS;

OR THE

# *Midnight Messenger;*

WITH

## SOLEMN SIGNALS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

CONTAINING

Wonderful Evidences of the Visits of Ghosts, Apparitions, &c. to many Persons now living, and Notices of Death in several creditable Families.

THE WHOLE FORMING A

## Constellation of Horror!!!

Dreams, Horrid Tales, and Spells of mighty Power;
Demons and Ghosts, that rove at Midnight Hour.

**London:**

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# WONDERFUL HISTORY OF APPARITIONS.

*Terrific Spectre in Switzerland. From a Topographical Deſcription of that Country.*

TRAVERSING the Lake of Lucern (ſays a traveller) juſt as a thunder ſtorm had ceaſed to redouble the tremendous echoes from the ſurrounding mountains, an ancient Swiſs, who had lately become a hermit, conducted me in his ſkiff to the largeſt of two iſlands in the Muotta, where the remains of the ancient and majeſtic tower of Swanau (ſtill beautiful in its ruins) is the firſt object that ſtrikes the eye of a ſtranger. At preſent it is nearly covered with ivy, and is the principal reſort of the myſtic ravens, and other melancholy birds of night. In 1308 it was the reſidence of one of the petty tyrants under the Counts of Hapſbourg, who from this receſs, defended by the rocks and ſurrounding waters, oppreſſed the whole diſtrict with impunity. The tyrant at length having carried off a young woman, whom he intended as the victim of his brutality, this act brought on the puniſhment he had ſo long merited. In fine, her two brothers ſurprized the infamous raviſher, murdered him, and threw his body into the lake; but ſtill fearing the vengeance of the other great lords, they ſucceeded in raiſing all the diſtrict in their defence, who beſieged and deſtroyed the whole caſtle, excepting the tower abovementioned, which they ſuffered to remain as a monument to future ages of the crimes of the owner, and the juſt vengeance that followed them. It ſhould have been firſt mentioned, that the apparition of the young woman, who was alſo murdered by her brutal raviſher, was the firſt cauſe of the diſcovery. Her brothers being fiſhermen, were employed upon the lake ſome nights after ſhe had been miſſing, when, after a ſudden clap of thunder, the moſt horrid ſhrieks iſſuing from the interior of the caſtle, drew all their attention that way, and they immediately perceived their ſiſter in a long white robe, and a torch in one of her hands, purſuing a figure dreſſed in complete armour, whom the brothers well knowing to be the Count, only waited till the return of day

to ascertain the fact, which led to the retaliation before-mentioned. But, what is still most remarkable, the same apparitions, according to the general tradition of the whole country, are seen on the same night every year; the female with the burning torch, and the flying Count in complete armour, as before specified; a circumstance which, it is generally believed, has contributed to deter the succeeding nobility of that country from thus oppressing their vassals.

*From a credible Witness at Hoxton.*

THE wife of a very eminent bookseller in the city, who died soon after her husband, in 1790, used frequently to appear to a friend of her husband's, near Charles's Square, entirely encircled in a thick blue vapour, and which, upon her disappearing, always left a very strong scent.

*Singular Omen.*

ONE Mr. Edward Cheadle, of Birmingham, now aged seventy years, frequently relates to his friends, that his father being in London when he was only five years of age, had the misfortune one evening, being a little intoxicated, to miss his way out of a public-house where he was drinking, and fell into the Thames, in which he was drowned. A waterman heard him exclaim, "Oh, my child!" And it afterwards appeared, that about the same time Mr. Cheadle saw his father come to his bed-side, look at him, and vanish; when his nurse hearing him scream, was told he had seen his father, who was actually then at the distance of one hundred and ten miles, and had just departed this life.

*Of a Death Stroke given to a Person in Kent.*

A LARGE barn near Farningham, in that county, has long been reputed as haunted, and therefore generally avoided by the strollers and tramps even in the hopping season. However, a person well known by the appellation of Devil-Dick, travelling that way last year, in the month of September, and being much disguised in liquor, could get no lodging, so that, the night being rainy, he was obliged to have recourse to this barn. Not getting up in the morning at the time expected, some persons, drinking at the public-house he came from, knowing the circumstance, were anxious to hear what became of him, and entering the barn, found him extended, and speechless, with one of his hands open, and the fingers as it were clenched to one of

his cheeks. As he ſtill breathed, they brought him to with ſome trouble, when, to their great ſurprize, they found the print of four fingers and a thumb as deeply impreſſed in his ſkin, as if made by a hot iron. The relation he gave was, that, ſoon after his entering the barn, he ſaw ſomething like a great dog approach him, which inſenſibly grew into a man, and ſtruck him upon the face: after which he became inſenſible, till the time he was awakened out of his trance. He accordingly foretold his own death, which he ſaid he dreamed of; died in the ſame week; and was followed to the grave by a great number of people that knew him by travelling that road.

*Antique Spectre at Chelſea Botanic Garden.*

Mr. Edward Noble, of the College, remarkable for his early riſing, has frequently ſeen the apparition of an aged woman, with a high crowned hat, ſtalking in ſolemn pace acroſs that garden, but always vaniſhed if he prayed aloud.

*Ominous Appearance during the hard Weather in February* 1799.

THE wife of an eminent Miniſter of the Goſpel near Stepney, thus wrote to her huſband's brother on the 6th of that month. "Though I am not alarmed at any of the Lord's diſpenſations, I cannot ſay but that a manifeſtation has lately been made me that has troubled me much. My dear yoke-fellow being from home on Saturday night laſt, I was ſitting up, and meditating upon a portion of ſcripture, as is cuſtomary with me on a ſabbath-day eve, when I heard an extraordinary ruſtling among the ſnow in my garden, and looking out of the window, ſaw it, as it were, forming itſelf into a coffin. That ſome of my family were or would ſhortly be called hence, I had no more doubt than of my own being; and accordingly my dear ſiſter Deborah went to glory while ſhe was ſitting at breakfaſt this morning. Surely the Lord's dealings are wonderful."

*Wonderful Inſtance of the Effects of a troubled Conſcience.*

IN the village of B——, in Lancaſhire, there has long been a popular ſtory, of which we have lately gained the following particulars. One James Dunſtable, a poor labouring man, had, by great induſtry, amaſſed a conſiderable ſum of money, which, as he had but a ſmall family, continually increaſed; ſo that by the death of an uncle of his wife, who was a conſiderable farmer in that part, his poſſeſſions made him he looked upon as one of

the moſt able peaſants in that county. He lived for ſome time in this ſtate; and was much reſpected among his neighbours. It happened that he was called off to a fair in one of the chief towns, and was away two days. As the fair laſted in general no longer, he was expected on the third; but not coming at the expected time, and being a very ſober and punctual man, there was ſome ſuſpicion that he had met with an accident. On the fifth, not arriving, his wife, and all the neighbourhood, were much alarmed; and ſearch was made round the country; but he could not be heard of, nor was found at all that time: ſo that it was concluded, and not without reaſon, that he had been murdered, eſpecially as he had been known to have ſet out from the inn after the fair was over.

Things continued in this ſituation for ſeveral years, till the wife was perſuaded to give her hand to a neighbour, who was thought to be very deſerving. He made her a good huſband, and for a little ſpace of time they continued happy. But at laſt it appeared that all was not right with him. His wife was the firſt who perceived this change in his temper and carriage; he would frequently ſtart, as if he beheld ſomething ſupernatural of a ſudden. He was troubled in his ſleep, as if his dreams had been diſagreeable. She would ſometimes aſk him the reaſon of theſe emotions; but he always excuſed himſelf. His fears grew upon him every day; and his neighbours perceived that he was neither ſo bold nor ſo ſteady in his deportment as uſual.

One night, in a party at an alehouſe, where a pretty large company were collected, he got elated with drink, and recovered his wonted ſpirits, ſo that he was as cheerful and merry as the reſt. In the midſt of their feſtivity, he was obſerved to ſtart with great terror, and fix his eyes upon a particular place! The whole company thought him mad or drunk, as they jokingly ſaid. However, he could not be appeaſed; and at laſt giving a ſhriek, he cried out loudly, "O, there he is! Look, he ſees me. It was me!"—There now aroſe great conſternation in the houſe, and he was immediately ſeized, upon ſuſpicion of having murdered Dunſtable. He was tried ſoon after, and confeſſed the affair; that he had murdered him, and thrown his body into a deep pit, which had been partly filled up, and which had eſcaped the vigilance of thoſe who made ſearch for him. The body was found, as deſcribed; and the murderer received his due reward. Whether in ſuch a caſe the apparition of the deceaſed appeared to the murderer, or whether it might be the effects of his troubled imagination, is not eaſy to ſay; but it is

ſufficient to prove that ſuch wicked and premeditated deeds will one day or other be brought to light.

### *Fraud diſcovered through a Spectre.*

In the ſummer of 1798, a young woman, of the name of Sarah Clark, went from Dudley to live as a ſervant with a Mr. Smugſtone, a ſmall diſtance from Wolverhampton, in Staffordſhire. Mr. S——e, who had amaſſed a conſiderable fortune, and retired from buſineſs, was ſo infirm as not to be able to ſtir out of his chair; and it was remarked by Sarah Clark, after living there upwards of a month, that to one of the cellars ſhe was never permitted to go, let the neceſſity be ever ſo preſſing, this always being the buſineſs of an aged man-ſervant, who appeared to be almoſt an idiot. However, as the latter had been ſent to Birmingham fair, and did not return for three nights, Sarah Clark was at length entruſted by her maſter with the key to draw ſome old ale, with a particular charge to make haſte out of it, and take no notice of any thing but her buſineſs. The conſequence, however, was, that the girl left her place the next morning, and gave ſuch a deſcription of what ſhe had heard and ſeen to the worthy Rector of the pariſh, that he immediately paid Mr. Smugſtone a viſit, who being cloſely preſſed upon ſome points of conſcience, at length confeſſed that he had wronged the deceaſed ſiſter of the ſaid Sarah Clark out of a conſiderable ſum of money, being the principal executor, and which, as he conſented to make good to the family, the matter was accordingly huſhed up.

### *The falſe Guardian.*

About fifty years ago there arrived in London an elderly gentleman and his wife. They took a houſe formerly ſituated in Old-ſtreet, (but ſome years ago taken down and rebuilt,) and there lived in a very recluſe and ſolitary manner; keeping no ſervant, the wife doing all the buſineſs of the houſe herſelf. In this manner they lived ſome time, till one evening, as the gentleman was taking his uſual walk, he ſuddenly (as it is ſuppoſed) fell down and expired, when he was found by ſome labourers returning from work. In a few nights after his burial, the wife complained to her neighbours of the houſe being haunted by his apparition, which often appeared to her, requeſting ſome of them to ſit up with her a few nights. Accordingly ſome of them offered themſelves, however totally diſbelieving her ſtory. When night came, the woman went to bed, and two or three

men sat up in the kitchen. Best part of the night passing without any molestation, they now thought themselves perfectly secure from any ghostly attacks. At length the tremendous hour of twelve arrived, when, to their great terror and astonishment, the large passage door suddenly unbolted, and in came the form of a large bear! It passed through the kitchen, without taking any notice of them, ascended the stairs, and entered the room where the woman lay, (but, before it entered, assumed a less terrible appearance, viz. that of her husband,) where its chief aim seemed to be to draw her out of bed; which, when it could not effect, it instantly vanished. The same apparition continued several nights, but in various shapes, such as a bear, mastiff, &c. &c. It at length gained its point so far as to get the woman out of bed, and lead her into an adjoining apartment, where it pointed to a certain chest, and then vanished. She got the chest opened, and found in it the writings of an estate belonging to two young ladies to whom he had been left guardian, and which he had defrauded them of. She immediately sent for them, and restored them their writings. They took her with them, and with them she ended her days, free from the burden of a troubled conscience. One of the persons who sat up in the house is now alive, from whose mouth we had the relation.

*Houses frequently revisited by their Owners after Death.*

A French gentleman lately at Corfu, in the Archipelago, thus writes to his friend at Leghorn. "Before I set forward to Constantinople, I visited Corfu, now in possession of the Republicans, where persons, apparently of credibility and good sense, spoke of the following as a fact well known both there and at Cerigo." The dead there (say they) frequently appear in the streets at noon-day, and repair to their former habitations, causing the greatest alarm among their relatives and successors. When these appearances occur too frequently, the custom of the country is to go to the grave, and dig up the body, which they then cut in a thousand pieces in the presence of the Magistrates, and sometimes burn. At Angelo, the Venetian Governor of Corfu, (says the Relator,) assured me of having been present at several of these executions, and that he could produce upwards of fifty credible witnesses as vouchers to the fact.

*Appearance of a Lady to Mr. Tornley.*

As a Mr. John Tornley was walking through Ring-street, Dublin, about ten o'clock on a Tuesday night, he met a lady

whom he perfectly knew, being his next door neighbour. He accosted her with the usual compliments, and was answered with a smile, as was common with her. They walked to the end of the street, conversing all the way. She then expressed herself very tired. Mr. Tornley asked her if she would ride; and before he gave her time to answer, called a coach, when she got in, and he followed, and as soon as he gave orders to the coachman, they began conversing on different subjects. She said that the coach made her head ach, at which Mr. Tornley put his head out of the coach, and told the man to stop; but great was his surprise, when recovering his seat, the lady was gone! He jumped out of the coach, looked round him, but could see no appearance of any lady; and, what is still more remarkable, the coachman had never seen any lady get into the coach, and expressed his wonder at hearing Mr. Tornley say that one had got in. He said he had heard Mr. Tornley speak several times, but supposed it was to himself. Mr. Tornley than walked home; and, to his great astonishment, was told that his neighbour's wife, the lady he had seen, was dead but a few minutes; and that, before she died, she wished much to see Mr. Tornley.

*Stones thrown by an invisible Hand.*

A PERSON of veracity near Hamburgh, who went to see some murderers exposed on a gibbet upon a wide heath near that city, made oath upon his return, that he saw what he at first supposed to be larks dropping, as it were, perpendicularly from the sky; but, upon a nearer view, found that they were stones of an unusual shape, some of which were thrown towards the gibbet in a horizontal direction; notwithstanding, as he swore, that the post, being upon a small eminence, no other living person was at that time within sight.

*Dreadful Spectre in Ireland.*

A WIDOW lady, who lived in Mecklenburgh-street, Dublin, after going to bed, was alarmed by a mournful cry of a female at her chamber door, which in a few minutes after was burst open. Her curtains were soon drawn, and to her tortured fancy there appeared a tall, meagre female spectre, dressed in black, wringing her hands, and shaking her ghastly head in silent sorrow. This visit was thrice repeated during the course of that night. The next night she was accompanied by some friends, who lay in the same room with her; but, notwithstanding the ghost was seen by the lady in all her former horror, she

was invisible to every other eye, and would have passed unnoticed by them, had they not heard the rattling of the chairs. On the third night, a neighbouring gentleman sat up for some time in the same chamber, and received a sound drubbing, which he did not for some days recover.

*Horrid Spectre in Wales, related by the Rev. Mr. Gammon, a Moravian Minister.*

BEING at the house of a gentleman near Pembroke, in the summer of 1797, (says the Reverend Relator,) the family, as usual, servants and all, except one maid, that staid at home in her turn, were gone to attend public worship. It was exceeding sultry weather, and the servant had retired to her chamber to take a little repose. She had not lain long, when, to her unspeakable surprize, the window opened without any visible cause, and what she imagined to be a large bundle of rags rolled under her bed. Her fears may be easily imagined; but these were trivial in comparison with her sensations when she saw a man approach her; a tall, aged personage, apparently worn out with grief; but of an aspect the most malignant that could be conceived, and which was soon evinced by his pinching the young woman, till her cries alarming the neighbours, they raised a ladder, and thus coming to her assistance, the spectre for that time disappeared.

When Mr. Gammon and the family returned, they naturally supposed that the servant laboured under some degree of insanity, from the relation she gave them of what had passed. But, strange to tell! while they were still listening with a degree of awful silence to the repeated asseverations which she made of the truth of what she had related, the very same figure rose up, as it appeared, from under the table round which they were sitting. The lady of the house immediately fainted; but, upon Mr. Gammon's exclaiming, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan," with a groan, that seemed to shake the foundation of the house, the spectre again vanished, leaving the whole company in a degree of consternation that no words can decypher. Still this was not all. Mr. Gammon reports, that, during the whole of the season that he staid in Wales, this apparition was so constant a visitant, that Mr. Gammon himself at length experienced no alarm on its approach.

The rumour of such an apparition naturally drawing numbers of people to the house, a sea captain once offered, as he said, to fight the spirit, and for that purpose went up into a

room where the former was known to be; however, he had not been there a moment, before he was heard to fall with great violence on the floor, and was nearly ſtrangled before any perſon dared to go to his aſſiſtance.

The ſame ſpectre once dropped a walking-ſtick, as he was going up ſtairs, which Mr. Gammon endeavoured to pick up, but felt ſuch a pain in his arm, that he was not able to recover without medical aſſiſtance.

He alſo relates, that once, as the ſpectre was going up ſtairs, the houſe cat, that was ſitting at the garden window, gave a ſudden ſpring to the ground, and was never heard of afterwards, notwithſtanding the ſtricteſt enquiry. A maſtiff alſo, remarkably fierce before that apparition viſited the houſe, became as gentle as a lap-dog, and was always ſilent, ſhewing the moſt evident marks of fear and apprehenſion. Theſe, and other particulars leſs important, are copied from the Journal of the above-mentioned Reverend Gentleman.

### *Treaſure diſcovered by Means of an Apparition at a Houſe in Black Friars.*

It is a tradition handed down ſince the year 1741, by the family that inhabited the above-mentioned houſe upwards of half a century, previous to their ſettling near Merton, in Surry, that a German taylor, who worked with one of their anceſtors, of the ſame buſineſs, was the making of the family. This poor man, a native of Lubeck, in Germany, it ſeems, had frequent revelations before his arrival in England, adviſing him to undertake the voyage, which he being loth to do, his father, then dead ſeveral years, appeared, and, in ſhort, gave him directions to go to London, and even to the very houſe in Black Friars in which he afterwards worked. In the cellar of the houſe, he was ſo well perſuaded that money was concealed, that, as ſoon as he could ſpeak a little broken Engliſh, he did not fail to communicate his perſuaſion to his maſter, who only laughed at him as a ſilly dreamer. However, wearied with his importunities to permit him to ſearch for the ſuppoſed hidden treaſure, this poor German was permitted to dig, which he chearfully undertook, and, after three nights toil, moſt agreeably ſurprized the maſter and his family, while at ſupper, by running up, and exclaiming, "Me did ſee the coffin! Me did ſee the coffin!" This coffin, it appeared, was nearly filled with gold and ſilver pieces, which had been buried with ſome Eccleſiaſtic ever ſince the reign of Edward III. Suffice it to ſay, that the family

immediately quitted buſineſs, and were remarkably charitable to the poor during their reſidence in the pariſh, beſides liberally providing for the poor taylor, the happy inſtrument of their good fortune, who inſiſted upon going to enjoy it with his relations in his own country.

### *Unuſual Omen of a ſhipwrecked Perſon.*

LADY Matilda Eardley, of Erith, in Kent, frequently relates, that, having placed her firſt affections upon a young gentleman that went to the Eaſt Indies, ſhe was one evening ſitting alone at work, and not thinking of the abſent perſon, when ſhe heard a voice diſtinctly call her by the name of Matilda, and on that day ſix months had a letter, informing her that the young gentleman was violently ſtruck by the trunk of an elephant upon the temple, which killed him on the ſpot; upon which ſhe formed an unchangeable reſolution never to marry.

### *Warning of Death.*

A LADY, who reſided at Richmond in the year 1788, was taken very ill; and her phyſicians had given her over. The nurſe who attended her during her illneſs, had occaſion to leave the room for ſomething ſhe wanted. While ſhe was abſent, the ſick lady thought ſhe heard a voice call her by her name: ſhe looked at the ſide of her bed, and ſaw a female ralation, who had been dead near three years. The apparition ſaid to her, "My dear, you will recover from this fit of ſickneſs; but you will moſt certainly die the day you are twenty-ſeven years old." (She was then about twenty-three.) The ſpectre then ſmiled, waved her hand, and diſappeared. The Lady, contrary to the expectation of her friends and acquaintance, recovered. The day ſhe was ſeven-and-twenty, her huſband invited ſome friends to celebrate her birth-day, and diſſipate a gloom that hung upon her mind in conſequence of the prediction. One among the number who was invited, was a banker in Lombard-ſtreet, whom the author of this account was perfectly intimate with. The day paſſed with the greateſt conviviality and joy, and the lady was perſuaded by her friends, ſhe muſt have been in a delirium at the time ſhe fancied ſhe heard the voice; and what tended more to eaſe her mind, was the good health ſhe then enjoyed. The company parted all happy to find the lady ſatisfied, and that the day had paſſed ſo pleaſantly; but, to their great ſurprize and ſorrow, the next morning they were informed that ſhe was taken with a fit ſoon after they were gone, and inſtantly expired.

*Appearance of a Wife to a Husband at the Time of her Death.*

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Handcock, who commanded the Norfolk East Indiaman some years ago, dining at the Cape of Good Hope with a number of friends, was observed by them to rise from table, and look a considerable time out of the window. When he returned to his seat, they asked him if there was any thing remarkable that made him rise so suddenly, and attract his notice. He replied, by asking them, if they had not observed a lady look into the room. They declared they had not. "I can assure you (said the captain) there was one, and it was my wife." They laughed heartily at him, and told him he was dreaming. "It makes so strong an impression upon my mind, (said he,) that I will immediately enter the circumstance in my memorandum book;" and added, "you will all much oblige me, if you would do the same." They, to humor him, did so. On his return to England, an intimate friend of his went into the Downs, where the Norfolk then was, to communicate to him the melancholy news of his wife's death. The instant he saw his friend come on board, he told him he knew the occasion. "My wife (said the Captain) is dead, and died such a day, and at such a time," accounting for the difference of longitude. His friend was astonished, and asked him by what means he got intelligence of her death. "I will inform you directly," said the Captain, who went to his scrutoire, and produced the memorandum he had made at the Cape when he saw her apparition. There are many persons now living, who had this relation from Captain Handcock's own mouth.

*A Warning of Death from a Mother to a Child.*

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, who lived at Maidstone, in Kent, lately dead, had an appearance of his mother's apparition at the hour of her departure, when he was a child of only ten years old. One night, when he was in bed, he heard the curtains undraw, and saw his mother stand by the bed-side. She put her hand upon his face, and said, "Beal, (that was his christian name,) be a good boy, and fear God." The child was not the least frightened, having no suspicion of a preternatural appearance, his mother being in perfect health at the time he went to bed. Next morning he told a relation, his mother came to his bed-side, and patted his face, and told him to be a good boy, and fear God. He was then informed of the loss of his parent, and that the hand of death was laid upon her at

the time ſhe paid him her laſt earthly viſit. Nothing can be more clear, from this account, that the child was not influenced in his mind, and his mother had no previous illneſs, but was ſeized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a moment.

### *Indication of Death.*

A GENTLEMAN going up ſtairs in the dark, having occaſion to ſearch for ſomething in an adjoining room, put his hand upon a man's face, and felt his beard to be very rough. He immediately gave the alarm to the family, and acquainted them that a man had got into his room, and declared that he had touched him. Upon which they, getting a light, made every ſearch after him, but in vain. Soon after, this gentleman heard of his father's death, which happened at the time he was ſo much affrighted.

### *Strange Viſit of a Man's Sweetheart.*

As a captain of a veſſel from Briſtol was on a voyage to the Weſt Indies, he was mentioning to the mate, and ſome of his men, concerning his performances in magic. At length a ſtout-hearted fellow begged he would convince him of the reality of apparitions, and that ſuch things did exiſt. The captain then told him he would ſhew him his ſweetheart, at which he was aſtoniſhed. He immediately began his incantations and ceremonies, and, after calling upon her to appear, ſhe immediately appeared on the deck, walking along with a handkerchief in her hand, and ſmiled at him; at laſt ſhe ſeemed unwell, dropped it, and then diſappeared. He took notice of the hour; and, on his return home, acquainted her with what he had ſeen on his voyage; and ſhe aſſured him that it was as near that time as ſhe could recollect, that ſhe was mending her handkerchief, and, fainting away, dropped it.

### *Singular Inſtance of Foreknowledge.*

MR. BELISARRO, the celebrated Jew, ſo well known for his great knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages, and formerly a Notary Public, died on the 14th of December, 1791, in the 80th year of his age. A few moments prior to his diſſolution, he rung the bell at the head of his bed, and deſired that all his family might immediately attend him; for although he was apparently in good health, yet he was certain he ſhould not live an hour longer. He then lamented that he had not been able to make the leaſt proviſion for his children; but

told them, that if they could procure the money to purchaſe a ticket in the preſent Iriſh lottery, the number which he mentioned, and ſtated that he had either dreamed, or it was ſo impreſſed on his mind, that he was ſatisfied it would afford them a trifling fortune. His ſons treated the matter lightly. He died within the time ſtated. Some of his friends afterwards purchaſed the ticket, and preſented it to his family, which was drawn a prize of 1000l.

*Remarkable Inſtance of mental Communication. Related by M. P. Andrews, Eſq.*

LORD LYTTLETON, who died at Pit-Place, near Epſom, was intimate with Mr. Andrews, and, as a mark of his eſteem, left him 2000l. The dream that preceded, and, in fact, occaſioned the death of his Lordſhip, is known to the public, and was publiſhed at the time it happened in the *London* and other Magazines; but the very extraordinary one which Mr. Andrews had the night on which that nobleman and friend of his died, is, perhaps, of authenticated circumſtances, the moſt ſingular, and deſerves being related. At that time Mr. Andrews was at Dartford, and did not know Lord Lyttleton was returned from Ireland, where he had reſided for ſome time; of courſe, he was entirely ignorant of his DREAM or his DEATH. He had been in bed about an hour, and had a light in his room. He dreamed that the figure of his Lordſhip appeared before him, dreſſed in a damaſk night-gown, which he uſually wore in a morning, and ſaid, "*Andrews, it is all over with me!*" The idea impreſſed Mr. Andrews ſo ſtrongly, that, knowing Lord Lyttleton was fond of frightening perſons in the dark, and often had done ſo at his houſe at Hagley, in Worceſterſhire, he concluded he had done ſo now, and had come to Dartford, and by ſome means got into his room. He called to him, therefore, by his name, and not finding him return an anſwer, he got up, and, to his great ſurprize, found the chamber door locked. Still doubtful whether what he had heard and ſeen was a dream, he looked at his watch, to ſee how long he had been in bed, and it wanted only a few minutes to twelve o'clock. Still retaining in his mind the image of what had appeared to him, he mentioned to the family in the morning the extraordinary dream he had had, and his fear that ſomething bad had happened to Lord Lyttleton. When he returned to town, he found a letter from Lord Weſtcote, acquainting him with Lord Lyttleton's death. The time of it exactly correſponding with that when Mr. Andrews heard him ſay, "*It is all over with me!*"

*Dead Hand diſtinctly felt in Bed.*

One Mr. Whitehaven, of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, a great diſbeliever in ſpirits and exiſtence after death, owned to the Rev. Mr. Wills, in a diſputation with him, that his ſcepticiſm was once much ſhaken by what he called a *luſus naturæ*, or a ſport of nature. Having, as he ſaid, ſlept well one night, he awoke, and ſtretching his right arm towards the other ſide of the bed, where his deceaſed wife uſed to lie, he felt ſomething turn down the cloaths, and, on further ſearch, could plainly diſtinguiſh a hand, with the fingers and thumb, though cold as death. This certain evidence, he ſaid, made him change his opinion; and from that period he profeſſed a kind of ſecond ſight, foreſeeing the death of many of his relatives and neighbours before they departed.

*Blaſphemous Wiſh puniſhed. From the New German Theatre of God's Judgments, publiſhed in* 1797.

A farmer near Francfort upon the Oder, who for many years uſed to back every falſe aſſeveration that he made when ſelling his goods, by wiſhing the devil might fly away with him if what he ſaid was not true, was not long ſince moſt exemplarily puniſhed in the face of the day, and before a number of people. Having expreſſed this wiſh, as uſual, to a known falſehood, he was ſnatched from the earth by ſome inviſible power, and carried over a large mill going in full ſail, upon which he was at length dropped, and hurried round with ſuch velocity, that he ſoon became breathleſs, and was taken down a ſhocking example of the dangerous tendency of appealing to ſupernatural powers for the confirmation of a falſehood.

*Feſtivity diſturbed by a ſupernatural Movement.*

Mr. J. Schnieder, an eminent ſurgeon, at Hall, in Saxony, being a man of a licentious as well as ſcientific turn, uſed frequently to retire into the ſkeleton room when he had large parties, after dinner, where exceſs was often carried to the greateſt extreme, ſuch as a general intoxication. The habit af feaſting among theſe awful relics of mortality at length became ſo cuſtomary, that even females were introduced to theſe nocturnal orgies, which, for ſome time, they attended without fear, eſpecially as Mr. Schnieder had a happy facility in making every appearance coincide with what he called the laws

of nature. But this boasted philosophy at length failed him, the whole company one night being thrown into the utmost consternation. A skeleton, which he used to call the *Giant* by way of distinction, was seen to open its ponderous jaws, and, as Milton would have expressed it, grinned horribly a ghastly smile upon the astonished spectators. As the motion of the head and mouth continued, the confusion cannot be expressed. Mr. S—— himself confessed, by his silence, that his philosophy was nonplussed. The women fainted; and the company separating with mutual fear and distrust, the sacrilegious owner of the house was forbidden by the magistrates to hold any more such meetings, under pain of their most sovereign displeasure.

*Awful Conflict between two Spirits to obtain Possession of a departing Soul. From Religious Memoirs of the Church of Scotland.*

These memoirs state, that one Mr. John Macknight, who had been once a fair professor, became in process of time, so notorious a backslider, that his name was in a manner proverbial all through the neighbourhood of Dundee, where he lived. When upon his death bed, in March, 1797, a number of ministers, and other pious persons, were naturally drawn together to see what end he would make; as it might be expected, he most fervently desired their prayers; though he owned he had most probably sinned away his day of grace, by neglecting the offers of the gospel from time to time. However, while the whole company were at prayers, and, the room being small, it was agreed the windows should be opened to admit air, wonderful to relate, a raven and a dove flew into the room, perched upon the bed's head, and began a very violent attack upon each other. The dying man, being informed of it, desired the company to leave off prayers, as he had no doubt but that the raven and the dove would decide the fate of his unhappy soul. The whole and joint prayers of the room, however, continued to be, "Lord, assist the dove. Lord confound the raven, &c." till the latter, evidently wearied and overpowered, fled out of the window, clapped its wings, and croaked in such a manner as would have appalled a heart unused to fear; while the dove seemed to dissolve in the sun beams, that now shone with double lustre into the room, and the dying man absolutely departed without a sigh.

*Property recovered by the Appearance of an Apparition.*

As two officers, belonging to the ſame regiment, and who were at St. Lucie during the late war, were one evening diſcourſing together, their converſation was interrupted by the apparition of a brother officer, who had fell in an engagement with the enemy a few days before. Their aſtoniſhment may be much better conceived than deſcribed. The apparition addreſſed himſelf to them both, deſired they would not be alarmed, that he meant them no harm, and that they would attentively liſten to what he was then going to ſay. "You both well know (ſaid he) I left in England an only ſon, who is now at Weſtminſter-School, and who will be wronged out of an eſtate, if you do not, when you are ordered to England, call upon ſuch a perſon, (whom he then mentioned,) who lives in Upper Brook-Street, Groſvenor-Square, and demand of him the title-deeds belonging to the eſtate." They promiſed they would comply with his requeſt. Some little time after, the regiment was ordered home. When they came to London, according to their promiſe, they called upon the gentleman who had the title-deeds in queſtion. Upon their mentioning the death of the officer, and aſking him if he was not in poſſeſſion of the deeds of the eſtate, he declared he had them not, but that he had returned them to the officer. However, they perſiſted he had, and at the ſame time informed him, legal methods would be taken to make him produce the ſame; that they would give him a week to look over his papers, and at the expiration of that time they would call again. He was afraid of a law-ſuit, and ſaid he would look if he had any writings belonging to the heir, and if he had, he would reſign them into the hands of the young man's guardian. Accordingly, they called at the time appointed, when the deeds were produced, and they were ſafely lodged in the guardian's hands. This wonderful ſtory was told to an officer of rank, who has at this preſent time a high command in London, and who had the relation from the mouths of both the officers who ſaw the apparition at St. Lucie. It is worthy notice, that here is an apparition to two men of undoubted veracity, a circumſtance more to be inſiſted upon, as the general diſbelief of theſe ſtories ariſe from the appearance to one perſon only.

*The Wild Huntſman; or, the Remembrance of a dreadful Judgment perpetrated by the Apparition of a German Lord.*

THE German hiſtorians relate, that a Baron of Franconia was ſo remarkably attached to the chaſe in the middle ages, that, paying no regard to the rights or complaints of the poor, he at length fell a victim to his ungovernable paſſion; the particulars of which were thus related by a gentleman, tutor to a young German Count, travelling from Switzerland to Germany.

"We had already nearly cleared the Black Foreſt, when on a ſudden the ſky became overcaſt, the rain poured down in torrents, and the livid flaſhes of lightning burſting right over our heads, ſucceeded one another with ſuch rapidity, that the thunder re-echoing from the woods, the rocks, and mountains, ſeemed but one continual peal. To add our diſtreſs, night now began to approach: not ſuch a night as tender lovers chooſe to wander by the moon's pale lamp, and breathe their amourous vows; but rather a night ſuch as poets have conceived when Lapland witches charm the labouring moon, and bring her down to earth, whilſt darkneſs, with her raven-wings out-ſpread, hovering beneath the fair expanſe of heaven, forbids the ſtarry hoſt their mild effulgence to diffuſe, and cheer the traveller with their ſilver light.

"We had not travelled many miles in this diſmal condition, before our poſtillion had the misfortune to loſe his way; and what ſtill aggravated our calamity, he did not perceive his miſtake till it was already too late to rectify it. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the gloomy apprehenſions which filled our minds on his communicating to us this unwelcome intelligence. Our poſtillion was naturally a lad of humour, and, agreeable to the laudable practice of his profeſſion, had entertained us all the day with a recital of the numberleſs murders, robberies, rapes, &c. which had been perpetrated in this immenſe foreſt. We had likewiſe in many inſtances received ocular demonſtrations of the truth of his reports, from the numberleſs croſſes which in this country are erected on the ſpot where any murder is committed, partly with a view to put travellers upon their guard, and partly to entreat their prayers for the reſt of the ſoul of the defunct.

"As we wiſhed for nothing more ardently than to extricate ourſelves from this diſmal ſituation as ſoon as poſſible, (being not leſs in purgatory ourſelves than the ſouls of thoſe for whom our prayers were deſired,) we ordered the poſtillion to loſe no time in fruitleſs attempts to regain the right road to the town we had

originally designed to put up at, but rather to drive straight forward, with the utmost expedition, till we should have the good fortune to light on some human habitation, where we might pass the remainder of the night in safety. With this request he complied; and, after exercising his whip for a full hour, we found ourselves emerging from our worse than Cimmerian forest, upon the entrance of a large plain or common. "Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed the postillion, "we are at no great distance from a village."

"Great was our joy at beholding once more the peaceful abodes of man. The village we found to be of considerable extent; but the inn, if such it may be called, was one of the most execrable that ever I set foot in in the whole course of my life. "Benedicite!" exclaimed the landlord, all astonishment at seeing a postchaise draw up before his door, a phænomenon which caused him to stare as much as if the Grand Turk in person had come to pay him a visit. It was no wonder, therefore, if the bill of fare of the house contained nothing more than a few smoaked sausages, some rusty bacon, and a stale loaf of brown bread. Wine, or beer, he assured us, was not to be had in the whole neighbourhood; and such was the goodness of his brandy, that even our postillion was glad to wash his mouth after swallowing a glass of it.

"I enquired whether the lord of the manor resided on his estate, hoping to meet with better accommodation from the hospitality of a stranger; but received for answer, that the manor-house was entirely waste and uninhabited, nobody having been able to live in it for this century past, and upwards. I demanded the reason.

"Why, as to the matter of that, look ye gentlemen, (replied the landlord,) it is an affair which nobody much dares to speak about; neither dare I, on any account, give you any item of the business to night; but wait (he added) till to-morrow morning, and then, if you are not able to divine the cause yourselves, why, I will even let you into particulars."

"As little satisfied with this reply as myself, the Count pressed the landlord to be more explicit, and even insisted on having a categorical answer to the question I had put; but our landlord was not to be prevailed on; he continued shaking his head as sturdy as a mule; and when he found that we would not desist from our enquiries, left the room with evident signs of displeasure, grumbling about unlawful curiosity, and divine judgments, with other obscure hints, which to us were quite unintelligible.

"Vexed, as we were, at what we conſidered a moſt unpardonable inſtance of rudeneſs, we were fain to make the beſt of our preſent circumſtances, and to digeſt our coarſe unſavory fare as well as we could. After we had finiſhed our homely repaſt, and ſomewhat appeaſed the cravings of nature, we laid ourſelves down upon ſome clean freſh ſtraw, which here ſupplied the place of a bed to our weary limbs. The Count was preſently buried in a profound ſleep; whilſt I kept turning from ſide to ſide, and, harraſſed by a thouſand unaccountable apprehenſions, found it impoſſible to cloſe my eyes. In this ſtate of uneaſineſs I continued till the watchman, with hoarſe voice, announced the ſolemn hour of midnight. My ears were inſtantaneouſly alarmed with the diſtant ſound of horſes, beaſts, and the echoing thunder of trumpets, horns, and other wind inſtruments. The noiſe drew near; and preſently a whole troop of horſe ſeemed to paſs in full gallop by the window: the air at the ſame time reſounding with ſuch a full band of muſic, that, had it not been for the unſeaſonable hour, added to the diſagreeableneſs of the night, I ſhould have imagined his Serene Highneſs, the Elector, with all his whole court and retinue, had marched through the place on a royal hunting party. The Count awoke with the noiſe, and abruptly ſtarting up—"What can be the meaning of all this?" he demanded with a mixture of fear and aſtoniſhment. To this queſtion I was as little able to give a ſatisfactory anſwer as himſelf. I continued, therefore, to liſten with the greateſt attention to what was tranſacting; and perceived, to my no ſmall ſurprize, that theſe nocturnal Nimrods had hardly paſſed our inn, before the noiſe of their horſes and inſtruments died away, and the whole place was as ſilent as before. This appeared to me exceeding ſingular. I began afreſh to give free ſcope to the workings of a diſturbed imagination; and comparing in my mind the ſtrange ſcene I had juſt witneſſed, with the unaccountable reſerve and dark inuendos of our landlord, I attempted to unravel the myſtery that ſeemed to envelope this adventure. As for the Count, he ſoon relapſed into a profound ſlumber, and ſnored away as heartily as ever.

"Setting aſide the inclemency of the weather, it appeared to me very improbable that any perſon ſhould ride out on a hunting party at midnight. This reflection induced me for ſome time to regard the noiſe I had heard as the conſequence of my having dreamed to that effect; but when I took into ſerious conſideration the behaviour of our landlord, and the ſudden waking of the Count, I found myſelf greatly ſtaggered, and cannot deny but a ſecret horror invaded my whole frame.

" Loſt and bewildered in a painful labyrinth of conjecture and doubt, I inſenſibly grew weary of the ſtrife between contending opinions. A gentle ſlumber, the welcome forerunner of the ſomniferous deity, had already cloſed my eye-lids, when I was rouſed from my lethargy by the hoarſe cry of the watchman, who, with the whole collected force of his lungs, gave notice that the clock had juſt gone one in the morning. His voice, however, was ſoon drowned by the return of the ſame alarming noiſe I had before heard. I immediately aroſe, and haſtening to the the window, which ſhook with the echoing thunder of horns, trumpets, &c. reſolved to ſatisfy my curioſity relative to this nocturnal troop of Nimrods by occular demonſtration; but, before I had time to throw the window open, the whole ſquadron had paſſed the houſe in full gallop, with a noiſe equal to the loudeſt whirlwind; and a few minutes after the former ſilence ſucceeded, and all was quiet as the grave.

" I was now fain to baniſh all further thoughts of ſleep, for the preſent night at leaſt; and, not able to wait till breakfaſt, at which time the landlord had promiſed to ſatisfy our enquiries relative to the uninhabited manſion, I ran to the window the moment I heard the watchman begin to cry two o'clock.

" Friend, (I accoſted him,) what can be the meaning of the noiſe and racket that alarmed our ears at the hours of twelve and one?"

" Why, truly, (was his anſwer,) your honour muſt certainly be a ſtranger in this neighbourhood. There is not a child in the village but knows all about it. We have this noiſe, as you call it, every night for weeks together. After that, we are quiet again for a ſeaſon."

" Well, but (I replied) what whimſical gentleman is it that hunts at midnight?"

" Nay, that indeed, I am not at liberty to tell you. Enquire of your landlord, who can inform you of every particular. For my part, I am only doing my duty, and my truſt is in God. But not a ſyllable of what I ſee and hear will I betray to any living ſoul: nor ſhould the king's ranſom tempt me to it." And with that the watchman took himſelf off.

" I wrapped myſelf up in my great coat, and drawing a chair to the window, awaited with anxious impatience the tardy return of day. At length the morning began to dawn; the whole village re-echoed with the crowing of cocks, which, I may truly ſay, never ſounded more grateful in my ears. The Count at the ſame time awaking, and ſeeing me already dreſſed,

—" Why, you are up by times, to-day, Sir, (he began, rubbing his eyes.) Pray tell me what noiſe that was which diſturbed us laſt night."

" Indeed, my Lord, (I replied,) my curioſity in this reſpect is at leaſt equal to your own; and hardly can I wait till we receive the promiſed information from our landlord. And (added I) if your Lordſhip had not ſlept ſo ſoundly, you would have heard the troop gallop paſt at one in the morning with the ſame dreadful impetuoſity and noiſe as they did at twelve."

" Hardly had I pronounced theſe words, when the landlord made his appearance. " Well, gentlemen, (he began, after previouſly bidding us good-morrow,) have your honours heard any thing extraordinary laſt night?"

" But too much! (was my reply.) However, pray inform me who and what kind of hunters they are that ſeem ſo fond of exerciſing their ſport at midnight.

" Why yes, to be ſure, (reſumed the landlord,) theſe are matters, as I ſaid before, which one don't much care to talk about. I was rather unwilling to ſatisfy your enquiries yeſterday, leſt your incredulous curioſity ſhould precipitate you into miſchief, which, God above knows, has been the caſe with many. However, as I promiſed to give you a relation of the whole affair this morning, you ſhall find me as good as my word.

" Here, at the bottom of the village, ſtands a large houſe, which formerly was the reſidence of the lord of the manor. Now, you muſt know, it ſo happened, that a great many years back, one of theſe lords was a terrible wicked man, who cared neither for God nor devil, and treated his *ſubjects* worſe than his cattle. Nobody could do any thing to pleaſe him. Even his own children he would bang and kick about like dogs, and for the leaſt trifle order them to be thrown into a dark, filthy hole, or dungeon, where they were at laſt ſtarved to death. His ſubjects he never called by any other name than his *beaſts*, and as ſuch he treated them. In ſhort, he was a true devil incarnate! Now, this wicked man delighted in nothing ſo much as in hunting. In his woods he harboured all kinds of game, even the moſt ſavage wild boars eſpecially, which made terrible havock and ruination in the fields and gardens of his peaſants: and yet, if any of the latter only offered to drive away one of thoſe furious animals, that was, perhaps, treading down his corn, or devouring his turnips, he was ſure to be confined for weeks together upon bread and water. Whenever this nobleman thought proper to go a hunting, the whole village was obliged to draw

out and accompany him, and on these occasions he would make them supply the place of dogs, and set them upon the game, which, whenever they were not able to catch, he would horsewhip and worry them with his hounds till they fell down dead at his feet.

"One time, as he was indulging himself in these cruel practices till late at night, he was thrown from his horse, and broke his neck upon the spot. The clergy would not suffer him to be interred in the church-yard like a Christian, for which reason he was buried in a corner of his park. But now the terrible judgments of Divine vengeance became manifest; for, to the present day, his wretched soul is not suffered to rest. At certain stated times and seasons, the wrath of Almighty God obliges him every night, the moment it strikes twelve, to ride through the village, and, with Beelzebub and his hellish train, to drive into the manor-house, where he is fain to stay till one o'clock in the morning, which no sooner is heard to strike, than the whole infernal troop of them are remanded back to the bottomless pit."

*Ghost in a Churchyard.*

A Dissenting minister, who lived at Ramsey, in the county of Huntingdon, was discoursing at his own house, one evening, with an intimate friend, who was curate of the parish, upon the occasional appearances of departed spirits, at the same time expressing his firm belief in apparitions. The clergyman professed himself of a contrary opinion to his friend, and endeavoured to reason with him upon the absurdity of his creed. About ten o'clock he took his leave, and in his way home, which was through a church-yard, he observed a man cross out of the regular path, among the tomb-stones, the moon shining very bright, to meet him; but being a man of uncommon boldness and strength, he was no ways alarmed when the person came near him. He almost put his head into his face. He then recognized the features of an intimate friend and fellow-collegian, who had been dead near five years. A few nights after, he again spent the evening with the dissenting minister, and the whole topic came upon the carpet. He then related what he had seen in his way home in the church-yard, adding, that he was now as firm in his belief of the reality of the occasional appearance of departed spirits, as he formerly was of a different opinion; and was fully satisfied in his own mind, that God had permitted this awful sight to convince him of, and to do away, his incredulity.

*Ominous Portents in Clerkenwell Prison, related by the Rev. Marmaduke Richards.*

It has frequently happened, that when the unfortunate persons confined in this place for felonies, &c. have been examined by the minister previous to their removal to Newgate for trial, that they have confessed to a number of circumstances, such as the opening and shutting of the inner doors of the prison when all were fast asleep, which, with the supposed tolling of a bell, was always looked upon as a sure sign that many of the wretched inhabitants of that place would only leave it to meet the more awful sentence of death at the Old Bailey Sessions.

*Dreadful Judgment at Manchester, executed upon a False-swearer, and perpetuated in his Apparition.*

A few years since, some journeymen dyers, in Manchester, that used to be in the constant habit of playing at cards on a Saturday night, at a public house in that town, would frequently stay playing after twelve at night, though much against the will of the landlady, who one night positively insisting upon their going away, one of them, the most resolute, named Burnett, swore a bitter oath, taking the candle in one hand, and a pack of cards in the other, that he would not go out of the house till he had another pot of beer, and played another game at cards, and wishing, if he did, that he might be struck dead upon the spot, which happened accordingly, to the unspeakable terror of all the beholders. But the matter did not end here; the ghost of this unhappy man has occasionally appeared in the same apartment ever since, and especially if any of the company have ventured to play after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. His appearance is exactly in the form and attitude in which he was struck dead, as can be witnessed by a number of pious persons of that town and its neighbourhood.

*A remarkable Narrative of the Apparition of a young Lady to her Lover, taken down in Writing from his own Mouth, by the Editor, who, from his sober Behaviour, believes the Account to be true.—See the Plate.*

This young lady lived at St. Ive's, in Cornwall, and died of the small-pox in September, 1794. Her sweetheart was the son of Mr. Haine, a very reputable butcher and grazier at Scar, about twenty miles from Plymouth. The match was not approved of by the young woman's friends; and during her

illneſs they would not ſuffer the young man to come to ſee her, though ſhe greatly deſired to ſee him. About the time of her illneſs, he alſo was taken ſick of a fever, and confined to his room; ſo that it was above a month after her death before ſhe made her firſt appearance to him; which was as follows.

"After I had recovered from my illneſs, (ſays he,) I went out one afternoon on my father's horſe for a little airing; and, returning home juſt at duſk, about a mile from my father's houſe, I ſaw ſomething, as on horſeback, paſs very ſwiftly by me; which ſo affrighted my horſe, that he flew home with me as faſt as poſſible, and I was alſo much affrighted. A ſhort time after this ſhe appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is remarkable, when I was on horſeback, ſhe appeared on horſeback; and when I was on foot, ſhe appeared ſo too; and her appearances to me were ſo frequent, that ſhe became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on ſeeing her; which ſhe never failed to do if I was abroad; but ſhe never appeared to me in my father's houſe.

"It was above a month before I had any power given me to ſpeak to her, although I thought to do it from time to time, but could not ſpeak; though ſhe gave me all the opportunity ſhe could, by walking often by my ſide, or very near me. This was a great trouble to me, as well as to her; and it began to bring a great weakneſs upon me.

"I related the affair to my father and mother, and ſome others; but they, not believing my relation, gave little heed to what I ſaid, and thought it was only phrenzy; till the following circumſtance happened, which was about a week before God gave me power to ſpeak to her.

"My father and mother uſed to go to a place of worſhip belonging to Mr. Weſley, about a mile off; and one evening about this time I went with them to light them home, as I often did, with a large lanthorn and candle; and coming home along the high road, ſhe appeared to me as uſual. I ſaid to my father, "Now don't you ſee her! There, there ſhe is!" And at the very moment I ſpoke, the lanthorn was twiſted violently out of my hand, and flung to a conſiderable diſtance from me, the ring of it remaining in my hand. My father and mother were now both ſomewhat affrighted at this, but began to believe what I had ſo often related to them of the apparition, that there was ſome truth in it. A doctor who attended me in my illneſs, to whom I had alſo related the ſtory, urged me by all means to ſpeak to her, telling me what words to uſe; and ſaid it might be of bad conſequence, if I neglected it longer,

" A few nights after this, as I was ſitting in my father's houſe, it was ſtrongly impreſſed upon my mind, to go out that night, and with God's leave to ſpeak to her. Accordingly, about ten o'clock, I went out with all the courage imaginable; and ſhe appeared to me as uſual; and I ſaid to her, In the name of the Lord Jeſus, why do you thus trouble me! and I was going to lay hold of her arm. She ſhrunk back, and ſaid, Do not touch me; I am as cold as clay. She ſpoke out, and blamed me for not ſpeaking to her ſooner; and ſaid, that this was the very laſt night of her liberty to appear to me; And had you not ſpoken to me now, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould have had power to do you ſome miſchief. Then ſhe related to me what ſhe had to ſay about her family, who had cruelly hindered her from ſeeing ſome of her dear relations. After telling me her whole mind, ſhe gave me plain directions concerning herſelf. We converſed together near two hours, till twelve o'clock; and I promiſed, if poſſible, to fulfil all her inſtructions. Accordingly I ſet out early next morning, rode nearly fifty miles to different parts, fulfilled all her commands, and got back ſafe to my father's houſe. She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my buſineſs before twelve, at the church door where ſhe was buried; this was about two miles from my father's houſe. She met me at the church porch, expreſſed her entire approbation of all that I had done, ſaying, ſhe ſhould now be at reſt, and would trouble me no more.

" After a ſhort diſcourſe, which ſhe charged me never to divulge, ſhe ſaid, My time is nearly expired, follow me into the church. The door opening, ſhe entered the church, which was illuminated with the moſt glorious light; and my hearing the moſt ſoft and heavenly muſic betokened her happineſs. She bid me take notice when the muſic began to ceaſe, to go then out of the church; which I did; and being very glad that all my trouble in this affair was ended, I haſtened away, and ſaw her no more.

*Murder diſcovered by Means of a Spectre at Maidſtone. From Notes taken by the Miniſter of the Pariſh.*

About the latter end of 1761, a young woman, living ſervant at the Old King's Head in that town, was taken much notice of by a butcher who uſed the houſe. This perſon being at play with her one evening, when a number of people were preſent, it was remarked, that ſhe was very uneaſy at his taking a handkerchief from her, for which ſhe had a particular fancy;

and which, after much intreaty, and the interference of some persons present, he returned to her again. The young woman, it seems, had not been long in bed that night, when she plainly saw the curtains of her bed undrawn, and the ghost of a murdered man approach, who told her not to be frightened, as he was not come to do her any harm. He then began relating the circumstance of the young man's taking the handkerchief from her on the overnight, and added, that he (the ghost) should take the same pocket handkerchief with him to his grave. He then charged the maid to make this affair as public as possible, as it would lead to a discovery of his murder, and bring down justice upon his murderers, and also gave her particular information where they had laid his body. The young woman following his directions the next morning, the body and the handkerchief were found in the grave as the ghost had described; and the young man who had taken the maid's handkerchief, as before-mentioned, proving to be the identical murderer of the person deceased, was executed for the same: a singular indication that murder cannot be concealed from the scrutinizing eye of Divine Justice.

*Appearance to a Gentleman in his Study.*

A Gentleman, who resided at Bethnal-Green, near London, some years ago, was one evening writing in his study, and, that he might not be interrupted, had locked the door. While he was writing, he fancied he heard some person walking in the room. He turned round, but saw nothing. In a few minutes, he thought he felt himself pulled by the flap of his coat. He was now very much alarmed; but being a man of strong nerves and resolution, he soon recovered. In a short time afterwards, he had a similar sensation, that almost dragged him off his chair. He then was much frightened indeed, left the room, and went into another, where he had some relations. They observed he looked extremely pale, and asked him if he was ill.— He then informed them what had occurred to him in his study. They did all in their power to persuade him he must be mistaken, and told him the impossibility of what he imagined, as the door was locked. However, he was next day seized with a fit, while at the Royal Exchange, was conveyed home, went to bed, and died in the space of three days.

*A Funeral Procession.*

The celebrated professor Baumgarten, who lived at Berlin, one day sitting at his study window, which looked into the garden, was much surprised to see a funeral procession come down

the principal walk, attended by mourners, who were his moſt intimate friends. When the coffin came under the window, he read, with aſtoniſhment, his own name and age on the plate. But I ſhould have mentioned, that his maid ſervant, wanting ſomething out of the ſummer-houſe, at the end of the garden, was obſerved by Mr. Baumgarten to go out of the walk upon the graſs-plat. He called her into his room, and aſked her the reaſon ſhe did not proceed down the walk. She ſaid, ſhe could not, for ſome unſeen hand took her by the arm, and forced her on the graſs-plat. Mr. Baumgarten was then fully ſatisfied it was ſomething more than imagination in what he had ſeen: he directly made his will, and the ſame evening was taken with a fit of apoplexy, and immediately expired. This relation is well known to many now reſident at Berlin.

*Apparition at Birmingham.*

An officer in the 104th regiment had, in 1783, a houſe at Birmingham from Mr. A——n, on condition of living in it. The report was, that ſpectres frequented it. For ſeveral months, while he was there, ſtrange noiſes were often heard. A great diſturbance over head at laſt alarmed him, where he and his ſervants immediately went. There they found the appearance of a lady. They bolted the door, and endeavoured to ſecure her; but without effect, for ſhe immediately vaniſhed. This the officer made affidavit of before a Juſtice, and ſpoke of it as a thing he had never before repeated.

*The haunted Family.*

A Gentleman, about the year 1782, or 3, took a houſe for his family, which conſiſted of himſelf, wife, and one ſervant maid. They had reſided in it but a very ſhort time, when one evening the ſervant, being at home by herſelf, in the kitchen, was much terrified by a violent noiſe, as if a whole ſtack of deals had fallen down the upper ſtairs into the ſtreet door paſſage. As the maſter and miſtreſs were in the country for ſome time after the houſe was firſt taken, they would not give credit to the maid's ſtory; but ſoon after their return, when the miſtreſs had been ſitting in the parlour by herſelf with a very good fire, going down into the kitchen for ſomething, ſtaying about five minutes at moſt, upon her return, ſhe found the fire quite extinguiſhed, and the poker, tongs, and ſhovel, all placed againſt the bars, and very much burnt. As the houſe was contiguous to the gentleman's buſineſs, and in other

reſpects very convenient, he did not like to quit it. His family increaſing, obliged him to have a nurſery maid. One afternoon, the lady and her maid, with the child, having returned from a walk, and going into the parlour, deſired the houſe maid to go up ſtairs to fetch a pillow to lay the child upon, the miſtreſs and nurſery maid remaining in the parlour, when there was a noiſe exactly like the report of a piſtol, as if it had been fired off between their heads. At the ſame minute all the bells in the houſe were rung; and the ſervant above anſwered, ſuppoſing it was the nurſery maid, and haſtening down ſtairs, upon one of the landing places, where there ſtood a clock, juſt as ſhe got to that part, a hand, very white, ſeemed to extend itſelf from behind the clock, and was drawn over the girl's face. The touch was very cold, and ſo frightened her, that ſhe fell down the reſt of the ſtairs; was taken up ſenſeleſs; and was obliged to be ſent home to her friends, and did not rightly recover for above a week. One night, when they were all in their rooms preparing to go to bed, they heard a noiſe like a woman running up and down ſtairs ſlip ſhod; and every time ſhe ſeemed to ſtop at the maſter's chamber door, and utter a deep groan. This was repeated ſeveral times, until they were much affrighted. The nurſery maid, in particular, was ſo terrified, that ſhe was going to jump out of the window, when her maſter called the watch; but as all were afraid to go down to open the door, he was obliged to go to the back of the houſe, and got in at a back window. They ſearched the houſe all over, leaving no hole or corner neglected, and, during this, there was no noiſe heard. but what they made themſelves; but as ſoon as they had returned to their apartments, the noiſe again commenced, and continued great part of the night.

Another time the maſter, miſtreſs, and nurſery maid, with the child, were going into the country for a day or two; and the other ſervant refuſing to ſtay in the houſe by herſelf, they got another young woman, who was out of place, to come and ſleep with her; and they took the houſe dog up with them. They did not get to bed till near twelve o'clock, (this was in the very middle of ſummer,) and having had a hard day's work at waſhing, were very ſleepy and tired, but could get very little reſt on account of the various noiſes; ſuch as the doors of the other rooms ſeeming to be opened and ſhut with great violence, &c. The dog ſeemed much intimidated, and ſlunk trembling under the bed. About five in the morning, one of them propoſed getting up, as the ſun ſhone bright; but the other thought, as

the noiſe had ceaſed, it was the beſt time to take a little reſt; but, while they were debating, the curtains were drawn back all round the bed at the ſame inſtant, and they both jumped out in a fright. This is but a ſmall part of the pranks of their inviſible diſturber; and the family was obliged to quit the houſe, as there was no reſt to be got in it.

The ſame gentleman and his family removed to another houſe, very pleaſantly ſituated about four miles from town, near Blackheath. Here he was not entirely free from diſturbance: for his wife going for her health to another part of the country, a noiſe was heard like a woman in ſilks running from the kitchen up ſtairs to the top of the houſe: and another time, in the night, a noiſe exactly like three or four people coming down ſtairs together, and ſtopping about the middle, ſeemed converſing together. This was heard by the gentleman, another man, and two lads, relations, (beſides the nurſery maid and her grandmother, who lay in the houſe,) the youngeſt of whom was ſo frightened, that he got up, (when he thought the party were got down ſtairs,) and ran into another room, where ſome others ſlept. The gentleman, the eldeſt of the two youths, and the man, armed themſelves with piſtols, and other weapons, and ſearched the houſe all over; but nobody but themſelves were to be found. The doors and windows were all as they left them when they went to bed. They had a large dog at the back door, and a watchman at the front.

The gentleman lived in this laſt houſe ſeveral years, as he was but ſeldom diſturbed; but the health of his wife declining, he quitted it, and retired ſome miles further into Kent, where he reſided till his wife's death, which happened in the latter end of the year 1796. He married about a twelvemonth after, and took a houſe near the Eſſex road. They had not been there above a week, when the family (conſiſting of his wife, the houſe-keeper, another ſervant, a lad of fourteen, a girl of twelve, and two young children, the gentleman himſelf being out) was terribly alarmed by a violent noiſe, as if a coffin, or large heavy trunk or cheſt, had fallen down the whole ſtaircaſe, ſometimes as if it ſlid, and then ſtruck againſt the ſides, until it had got to the ground floor. The family were at this time all in the kitchen below. There is a broad and deep ditch runs oppoſite the front of the houſe. As the lady one evening, about duſk, in the ſummer of the year 1798, was ſtanding at the door, ſomething, reſembling a large black bear, (with his head and paws doubled,) bruſhed by her, rolled down the ſteps

acroſs the road, and into the ditch, where it plunged with a noiſe as if it had been a real ſubſtance. The ſame ſummer, on another afternoon, as the gentleman was ſitting ſmoaking a pipe in the garden, (as was cuſtomary with him after dinner,) his ſpouſe went up ſtairs, (though ſhe had been often frighted,) yet, as the windows were open, and her huſband not more than thirty yards from her, ſhe thought herſelf ſafe; but ſhe had not been up above a minute, before the bedſtead cracked as violently as if a very heavy perſon had got up and walked over it, and ſeemed to ſtep down, and then ruſhed againſt the wainſcot with a moſt inconceivable noiſe, like as if twenty or thirty people, with long nails or claws, were endeavouring to tear it down. The lady could not ſpeak; but beckoned to her huſband: but before he could come, the noiſe was repeated with redoubled fury. The lady ſcreamed, ran down ſtairs, and was unable to ſpeak for half an hour. Thoſe perſons who were below heard nothing of it. Every day, and ſometimes ſeveral times in a day, was a noiſe exactly like the footſteps of a man coming ſlowly down the ſtairs; at other times the ruſtling of ſilk, as if a woman in a dreſs of that kind was hurrying from one room to another, and opening and ſhutting the doors with violence; or a noiſe exactly like the opening and ſhutting of a large trunk, or cheſt, the lid ſeeming to fall with violence. This noiſe has been repeated and continued for an hour together, at ſhort intervals. But all this is but trifling to what we have to relate. They burnt a candle in every bed chamber, though it was ſummer. The chambers were all on a floor; and they were ſo terrified, that the gentleman had a part of the wainſcot partition taken down, that they might be more within call of each other. One night a child, about five years old, (a relation of the lady's,) that ſlept with them, awaked in a fright; and they diſtinctly ſaw (both of them) an arm over the teaſter, moving about from ſide to ſide, and then ſeemed to go to the ſides, and bruſh down all the curtains very roughly, as if with a hard cloaths bruſh. But there was no other part of a human frame ſeen but the arms.

The mother of the lady was going out at the back door into the garden about duſk; and juſt as ſhe had opened the door, ſomething, about the ſize of a man in black, preſented itſelf, and ſeemed to approach towards her. As ſhe had often been alarmed before, ſhe was nearly ſinking down with terror; but inſtinctively retired in, and with ſome difficulty bolted the door. We ſay with difficulty, for there was a ſtrong preſſure againſt it. As the father (a man void of fear and ſuperſtition, who had very

frequently gone all over the houſe in the middle of the night, when the noiſes were moſt violent) was going into the garden about evening, when there was light enough to ſee any thing diſtinct at the diſtance of ten or a dozen yards, he ſaw the figure of a genteel tall man, in black, leaning on a pump that ſtood very near the back door. He called a girl (his own daughter, and ſiſter to the lady of the houſe,) about 12 years old to him, and told her to look at that man. To uſe the child's own expreſſion, his face ſhone like a looking-glaſs, and he looked on her with a ſmiling countenance, but at her father with a more grave aſpect. After about half a minute he diſappeared. The ſame girl, with her brother, a lad about fifteen, went into the garden to get ſome radiſhes. They had ſcarcely got out of the door, when ſomething (which they could deſcribe only by the ſenſe of feeling) leapt between them of the ſize of a bear, or ſome quadruped, and threw the lad forward on his knees, and the girl backward; who alſo felt a ſenſation on her back, as if it had been clawed by the talons of ſome beaſt; and this ſhe felt for ſeveral days, though there was not the leaſt mark on her ſkin. It then viſibly ſhot forward, and extended over the radiſh bed like a white linen ſheet, then contracted, and diſappeared at the fartheſt corner of the garden. This expanſion, and the reſt that followed, was ſeen by the reſt of the family, who ſat in the back parlour. The figure of the man in black was ſeen one evening by the father and mother of the lady when they were at the front of the houſe on the outſide: it paſſed by them, and went in at a door that led to the kitchen. It ſeemed ſometimes to be whimſical; for ſome of the family, as they ſtood at the door, have been puſhed out, and the door ſhut after them. Others have had ſlaps on the back, and puſhed as they have ſtood in, or was paſſing from one room to another, the diſtinct footſteps of a perſon paſſing through a room adjoining, and coming along the paſſage as if juſt entering the room where they were. Some of them have had the courage (the lady's father often) to open the room door immediately, and go all over the houſe; but nothing was to be ſeen or heard, except ſometimes the footſteps ſeemed to follow them on their return. The noiſes have been ſometimes ſo violent above ſtairs, that any perſon below would have thought that all the furniture, the wainſcot, and the inſide of the whole houſe, was beat and torn to ſhatters; and the whole of the family has run out of doors. Theſe noiſes continuing, they were obliged to quit this houſe alſo, and ſeek another habitation, where they might endeavour to get rid of

thoſe troubleſome companions. But ſtill, at times, they hear very ſtrange noiſes, which ſorely perplex them.

All this could (if there was a neceſſity) be teſtified upon the oaths of more than a dozen credible witneſſes.

*A ſtrange Fact.*

A MAN, of the name of Day, who lived at Limehouſe, about the year 1785, had occaſion to get out of bed one night. After he had got into bed again, (this was in the dark,) he and his wife diſtinctly heard the chamber-pot drawn from under the bed, and a noiſe as if a man was making water in it, and afterwards replaced under the bed again. This was what the man himſelf had done but the minute before, and was now exactly repeated. They ſtruck a light, thinking ſomebody had concealed themſelves in the chamber; but nothing was amiſs. They told this odd circumſtance to their neighbours; ſome were much ſurprized, and others laughed at them, &c. However, the man was taken ill in a few days afterwards, and was buried in leſs than a fortnight from the time they had heard this unaccountable noiſe.

*Authenticated Apparition.*

A LADY having a daughter that went out to ſpend the evening in apparent good health, came home when the clock ſtruck twelve quite indiſpoſed. She accompanied her to bed, where ſhe complained of being worſe. In a ſhort time afterwards, her mother having occaſion to go into the pantry, ſaw the appearance of a woman ſtanding at the door. At firſt ſhe thought it was a miſt before eyes; but, on looking more ſtedfaſt at the apparition, (which ſeemed to repreſent the appearance of her beloved ſiſter,) ſhe walked along with a coffin-board at her back, and then diſappeared. She went to bed very much alarmed, and acquainted her huſband with what ſhe had ſeen, telling him ſhe was fearful of her death. When the ſolemn hour of two arrived, a watchman knocked at the door, and informed her that her ſiſter was dying, and wiſhed her to come with him. She went, and found her dead. On enquiry, her death happened at the preciſe time when ſhe ſaw the apparition.

*Apparition of a young Lady to her Lover, by whom ſhe had been deſerted.*

IT appears by the following relation, that the gentleman, with a friend, were travelling, and making a ſtop at Oxford, his friend went to ſee a relation, whilſt he took a walk to view

the place. Thus he proceeds. "It was late when I returned back to the inn. My friend was not arrived; I therefore propoſed to wait his return. For this purpoſe, leaving the door a jar, I ſeated myſelf on a ſopha, and endeavoured to beguile the tedious hours by reading the poem of Oſſian. Midnight approached without any ſigns of my friend's return. I ſtill continued ſtretched upon the ſopha. At length I grew drowſy; Oſſian dropped out of my hands; my eye-lids cloſed involuntarily; and, overpowered by ſleep, I already nodded, when I was ſuddenly rouſed by a noiſe at the door of my room. I ſtarted up—all was ſilent. I opened the door—could hear nothing—ſee nothing. It certainly muſt have been imagination—I muſt have fancied—have dreamt I heard a noiſe. Reſuming, therefore, my book, I rubbed my eyes, wiped them with a wet cloth, and, that I might be in leſs danger of giving way to ſlumber, began to read aloud. "Does the wind touch thee, O harp, or is it ſome paſſing ghoſt?"—Hardly had I pronounced the laſt words, when the noiſe returned. I could plainly diſtinguiſh the tread of human feet along the paſſage; and the noiſe drew nearer and nearer. Preſently I believed I heard a trembling hand groping for the lock of the door, which opening gradually, diſcovered a female figure dreſſed in white, with a veil over her face, that reached half way down her ſhoulders. Slow and ſolemn, with her back turned to me, ſhe drew near the table, took up my watch, examined it attentively, ſighed thrice and deeply, replaced my watch upon the table, and continued her walk in the oppoſite corner of the room. In repaſſing, ſhe reſted her head upon her left hand, and drawing her veil aſide with her right hand, I beheld with horror and aſtoniſhment the very features of Eliza; but her countenance pale, her eyes ſunk and hollow, and her brow contracted with indignation. After a ſhort pauſe, ſhe drew nearer, caſt an angry look at me, held up her hand in a threatening attitude, and thrice beating her breaſt, whilſt heart piercing groans burſt from her boſom, regained the door, and diſappeared. On recovering from my ſurprize, I found myſelf ſtill ſeated upon the ſopha; and revolving in my mind every concomitant circumſtance of this extraordinary apparition, was firmly perſuaded that the whole adventure could be nothing but a dream. I looked at my watch—it was exactly one o'clock. Impatient at my friend's delay, I threw myſelf, dreſſed as I was, on the bed, and ſlept till late in the morning. My firſt care, upon waking, was to enquire, of the waiter, whether my friend had re-

turned to the inn; and finding he had, I hurried down ſtairs, and related to him the particulars of the above ſtrange ſtory.

N. B. The gentleman wrote to town that day, and was informed that the lady had died of a broken heart at the very time at which ſhe appeared.

*Authentic Story related by an Engliſh Gentleman travelling through America.*

I HAVE had dreams that have been moſt minutely realized: yet I am convinced that events of this deſcription never happen, but they may be accounted for, without the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural agency. Allow me to relate a ſtory which I heard from the *parties* when in America.

I ſtopped one evening (when travelling through the provinces) at an houſe ſituated between Lancaſter and Philadelphia. Moſt of the houſes in America, though not abſolutely inns, receive paſſengers: of this ſort was the preſent houſe. I was ſurprized to find the owner of it prefer this dwelling to one immediately oppoſite, which was well built with brick, but uninhabited. The houſe he lived in, although commodious, was built with logs, i. e. large bodies of trees, and the interſtices filled up with clay. The reaſon, he aſſured me, was, that the other houſe had been haunted; that he believed it was ſtill haunted; but that no perſon ſhould ever *again* try; "for," added he, "a boy that rode poſt from Philadelphia to North Carolina once ſtopped here. The houſe was full; but being very much fatigued, he requeſted to ſleep in the haunted houſe; (for ſo it was then called: the frequent noiſes I had been diſturbed with, having determined me to quit it;) at the ſame time ridiculing apparitions. I conſented, and made him a bed on the ground, where, after having drank his glaſs of toddy, he fell faſt aſleep. He had not been in bed any length of time, before he was awoke by a very handſome young woman, who, with much perſeverance, endeavoured to pull the ſheets from him. The poſt-boy, concluding that ſhe had ſome intentions more amorous than ghoſtly, deſired ſhe would deſiſt, as he was too fatigued to gratify them. At this remark ſhe ſeemed irefully incenſed; her eyes ſparkled fire; her features trembled; ſhe clenched her hand, and ſtruck him on the face. He remained inſenſible for ſome time, and found, on the recovery of his ſenſes, that he had loſt the uſe of his right ſide, was deaf, and almoſt deprived of ſight. I ſaw this myſelf; to me he related the ſtory as I have related it to you."

*A singular Dream.*

A LADY of Briſtol had the following ſingular dream. A Mr. W. when on a voyage to the coaſt of Africa, appeared to her at her bed-ſide, drew the curtains, and looked ſtedfaſtly at her. She knowing him, aſked, with ſurprize, what buſineſs he had there? He anſwered, "Don't be frightened, my dear; I am only come to beſpeak a ſuit of clothes for Captain S." and then diſappeared. The lady wrote down the time when ſhe received the information; and Mr. W. on his return home, acquainted her, that it was then he was thrown overboard.

*Haunted Houſe in Roſemary Lane.*

THE notion of returning ſpirits is almoſt univerſal. Rude and unbiaſſed by education or example, the firſt diſcoverers of America found the natives convinced of the exiſtence of ſpirits, and that their friends or enemies had power to do them good or evil, which did not belong to them while on earth. Cotton Mather, in his Hiſtory of England, is full of relations of this ſort. Several iſlanders of the South Seas have been found by the diſcoverers to be tinctured with this opinion; and, indeed, the manner in which they generally diſpoſe of their dead favours the idea.

Dr. Falk, the great Jew phyſician, was generally reported to be ſupernaturally endowed, and to hold intercourſe with ſpirits. When the diſturbances at Hatton-houſe, in Clerkenwell, became the topic of converſation, about ten or twelve years ſince, he went there, and, after minutely examining the houſe, declared that "theſe things would happen in the moſt regular families." The cauſe of alarm was knockings, burſting open of doors, treading heavily on the floors, and, moſt ſurpriſing of all, going up and down ſtairs with a ruſtling noiſe, as if the company was all in ſilk.

Mr. William Taylor, late maſter of the Marlborough-Head public houſe, in Biſhopſgate ſtreet, a very reputable and worthy man, often related that, when he kept the Coach and Horſes in the Minories, two neighbours, labouring men, whom he knew, applied to him for two half gallons of beer to drink in the night, in a houſe in a yard in Roſemary-lane, where the landlord of the houſe had provided for their entertainment a good leg of mutton, upon condition of their paſſing the night in his houſe, which was ſaid to be haunted. At twelve, one of the men came for the beer, leaving his companion behind him in the room;

but, upon his return with it, he found him dead, and at the bottom of the ſtairs, as if he had been conveyed there, or had fallen down in his precipitancy to eſcape. Howbeit, the Jury brought in a verdict of *Death by the Viſitation of God;* and it was the opinion of all the neighbours, that the poor man ſaw ſomething or other too terrible for mortal eye to look at.

The diſturbances in Mrs. Golding's houſe, at Stockwell, in Surry, are too true to be contradicted. The loſs that lady ſuſtained amounted to ſome hundreds; and the cauſe has never yet been diſcovered. As every one are in poſſeſſion of the ſtory, and it is altogether too long for our purpoſe, we ſhall omit it, with this obſervation, however, that ſtubborn facts cannot eaſily be got over.

*Singular Dream.*

MR. LOFANT, a Proteſtant clergyman of Holland, dreamed, about the beginning of the ſummer in 1728, that he was ordered to preach. He excuſed himſelf, ſaying, that he was not prepared, and knew not what ſubject to pitch upon. He was told to preach upon theſe words in Iſaiah xxxviii. 1. *Set thine houſe in order; for thou ſhalt die.* He imparted his dream to ſome of his friends, but concealed it from his wife, for fear of making her uneaſy. 'Tis not known whether this dream made any impreſſion upon his mind: he was neither credulous, nor ſuperſtitious; but 'tis certain that from that time he made all poſſible haſte to finiſh his work. (The Council of Conſtance, printed in 4to.) He died on the ſeventh of Auguſt, in the ſame year, 1728.

*Warning Voice.*

A GENTLEMAN now living, who holds a high department in the Bank of England, a man well known, and of the moſt unqueſtionable veracity, one morning, ſome years ago, as he was dreſſing himſelf to go to the office, heard a voice call him three or four times by his chriſtian name. He thought it was the niece of the lady at whoſe houſe he lodged that called him to breakfaſt, and who imitated his mother's voice, who occaſionally came to ſee him. When he came down ſtairs into the parlour, he told the miſtreſs of the houſe, that her niece imitated his mother's voice very well. The lady was ſurprized at what he ſaid, and aſſured him her niece went out of town the day before, and was not yet returned, adding, to her certain knowledge, no one had called him that morning. He would not contradict her, but was nevertheleſs fully perſuaded in his own mind he was called, while, as before obſerved, dreſſing him-

ſelf. During breakfaſt, he received news that his mother was dead, and died ſuddenly at the very time he heard himſelf called. He went immediately to the houſe where his mother lived, to give the neceſſary orders for the funeral, and to take a laſt view of ſo dear a relative; and he declared, while he ſaluted his parent, he ſaw her eyes open as if to take a laſt farewell of him. This ſtory is known to many of the gentleman's friends, and the author of this account had it from his own mouth.

*Apparition of Mr. Tomkins to the Rev. Mr. Warren.*

Mr. John Warren, miniſter of Hatfield-Broad-Oak, in Eſſex, a worthy and pious man, being one day in his garden, reading Bunyan's Publican and Phariſee, was accoſted by a neighbour, as he thought, who entered into diſcourſe with him upon the words, "Shall man be more righteous than his Maker?" Mr. Warren's diſcourſe in general ran upon the promiſes; while Mr. Tomkins, his neighbour, whom he imagined he was diſcourſing with, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. For a while they diſcourſed in this ſort, till Mr. Warren's ſervant came, and informed him that dinner was ready, and her miſtreſs waited for him. Common civility made him aſk his neighbour Tomkins to come in with him, and eat ſome dinner, which the latter, with tears now ſtanding in his eyes, refuſed, ſaying, "My time is come, and I muſt away." Mr. Warren thought it very odd; and was proceeding to expoſtulate with his friend Tomkins, when the ſervant repeated the meſſage, urging, that a neighbour had ſent for him to go immediately upon an occaſion of life and death. Mr. Warren withdrawing towards the houſe, ſtill held on the diſcourſe upon the former ſubject, comforting his friend till he arrived at the door, when, entering firſt, he left the door open, that Mr. Tomkins might come in; but nobody coming in, he went directly, and ſought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much diſturbed his mind, particularly when he found that his neighbour and friend Tomkins was juſt expired, and had not been out of his houſe, according to every teſtimony, that day. Mr. Warren's ſervant teſtified ſeeing her maſter in converſation with a perſon in the garden, and telling her miſtreſs ſo, ſhe wondered ſhe had ſeen nobody go through the houſe, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr. Warren, a pious and ſenſible divine, often relates this to Mr. Goodman, who recites it in his winter evening conferences between neighbours.

*Appearance to a Gentleman at St. Domingo.*

A GENTLEMAN now living, of the name of Wilſon, who reſides at Liverpool, in Lancaſhire, walking with ſome friends near a place called St. Domingo, a little diſtance from that town, thought he ſaw a relation whom he expected every day to arrive from Jamaica, in a field, near where he then was. He directly went into the field, and came ſo near him, that he hailed him; but, to his great ſurprize, he ſeemed to ſink into the earth. When he returned to his company, he appeared ſo greatly agitated, that they aſked him what was the matter with him. He then told them he had ſeen Will James, whom they all knew; and he ſaid he was ſure they would hear of his death, and related to them what he grounded his belief upon. They jeered him upon his ſuperſtition. However, the next day the veſſel came into the port of Liverpool, and brought the ſad news, that this man, who was chief mate of a Guineaman, had, at the time Mr. Wilſon ſaw the apparition, tumbled down the hold of the ſhip, fractured his ſkull, and expired within ten minutes. This is known to hundreds now living at Liverpool.

*Singular Dream.*

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, now living, was waked by his wife one night, who ſaid ſhe had had a moſt unpleaſant dream. She dreamed, ſhe ſaid, that a friend of theirs, who was in the Eaſt India Company's land ſervice, had been killed in a duel. She likewiſe deſcribed the ſituation of the place where the duel was fought, and where the dead body had been laid, which was in a ſhed near the place where he fell. The huſband, who did not place much credit in dreams, endeavoured to pacify her, repreſenting to her the abſurdity of thoſe imaginations in the ſleep, and told her he hoped the next accounts from India would announce the health of their friend. A few months after, he received the melancholy news from that country, that his wife's dream was but too true. A gentleman who came from India, informed him that the captain had fought a duel, and was unhappily killed upon the ſpot; and as a token of his regard, had bequeathed him the ſum of five hundred pounds. What renders this dream remarkable is, that the body of the gentleman who fell, was carried to a ſhed near the ſpot, as the lady deſcribed in her dream, which particular circumſtance was related by the gentleman who brought home the news.

*Singular Appearance and Dream.*

A PHYSICIAN, who lived near Rocheſter, in the county of Kent, whoſe name was Harris, a man much eſteemed in his profeſſion, but an unbeliever in regard to preternatural appearances, and continually laughing at thoſe who did, was at laſt convinced of their reality by the following extraordinary occurrence. One evening his coachman and footman went out to take the diverſion of rabbit ſhooting in a warren near his houſe, taking with them two dogs. While they were purſuing their diverſion, both the dogs came howling and crouching at their feet. The men were at a loſs to account for the behaviour of the dogs; but their attention was called off by the appearance of a coffin, borne upon the ſhoulders of four men, which paſſed cloſe by them both; and, to their no ſmall ſurprize and terror, vaniſhed under ground. They directly left their ſport, and returned home, relating what they had ſeen. The doctor laughed at them for their cowardice and credulity.

The ſame night, however, the doctor dreamed he was dead, and laid in his coffin. In the morning, when he came down to breakfaſt, he told his dream to his niece, who reſided with him, ſaying, if he was a man of a ſuperſtitious turn of mind, he ſhould be greatly alarmed, not only at his dream, but at the coffin ſeen by his ſervants. He laughed, as uſual, at dreams and apparitions. The ſame day, while he was at dinner, he was ſuddenly taken ill, conveyed to bed, and in leſs than eight-and-forty hours was a corpſe. He retained his ſenſes to the laſt; and confeſſed, before his death, that he conſidered the appearance of the coffin to his men as a warning of his approaching diſſolution.

*Dream of a Young Lady.*

A YOUNG lady of the name of Lancaſter, whoſe father was one of the commiſſioners of bankrupts, and who lived in Warwick-Court, Holborn, a few years ago, was ſuddenly deprived of her ſpeech. She had, at the time this happened, the beſt medical advice the city of London could afford, without the deſired effect. One night, about ſeven years ago, ſhe dreamed ſhe ſaw the figure of an angel, who told her, if ſhe went to Bath, ſhe would recover her ſpeech. In the morning ſhe communicated her dream to her father, who was then

living. He laughed at her dream: and being a man who paid but little reſpect to theſe nocturnal admonitions, the journey to Bath was refuſed. Upon the death of her father, which happened a ſhort time after, ſhe had a dream of a ſimilar nature. Being then her own miſtreſs, ſhe determined upon a viſit to that place. The day ſhe arrived at Bath, while ſhe was ſitting at dinner with a female friend, who had accompanied her in her journey, at the White-Hart Inn, kept by Pickworth, in that city, ſhe ſuddenly ſcreamed out, and fell from her chair in a fit. Medical aſſiſtance was immediately procured. When ſhe recovered, to the aſtoniſhment of her friend, ſhe ſpoke as well as ever; informing all preſent, that, while ſhe was at dinner, ſhe ſaw before her the ſame figure of an angel that had admoniſhed her to go to Bath. The lady is now living, perfectly recovered in her ſpeech, which can be teſtified by many eminent medical men whom ſhe was under during the loſs of it. This happened only five or ſix years ago, and is known to more than a hundred perſons now living.

*Singular Dream.*

Among the officers who ſerved in the armies of the Parliament in the grand rebellion was General Ormſby. Oliver Cromwell knew his value; and, when he left Ireland, appointed Ormſby Lord Preſident of the Province of Ulſter. As he was one day riding in the country, he could not help remarking the natural capability of it towards improvement; and reflecting on the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, whoſe death had left his great deſigns unfiniſhed, and covered the face of the country with ruins, added with a ſigh, in the gloomy ſpirit of the times, But who can promiſe himſelf an hour's life to finiſh any thing? Juſt as he uttered theſe words, his horſe ſtumbled going down the hill of Lexlip, and pitched him on his head with ſuch violence, that he never ſpoke another word. The apparent reference of his laſt words to his inſtant fate ſtruck all preſent; but they were much more aſtoniſhed, when, upon ſearching his pockets, they found a memorandum in his diary, of a dream he had that morning, in which the place and other circumſtances of his death were foretold as particularly as they could have been related after it happened, without the addition of a ſingle ſyllable; but, Thy will be done, O Lord!

*Of a Ship brought from Lisbon to Portsmouth by infernal Spirits.*

EVERY one, conversant in English history, well knows that one of the Chesterfield family was the founder of the Hell-fire Club in the reign of George II. and from that, and other blasphemous proceedings, obtained the appellation of *Hell-fir'd Stanhope*. In the early part of his life, he was captain of a small sloop of war. Being at Lisbon, and under sailing orders for England, the anchors being weighed, the sailors in general found themselves so remarkably heavy, that sleep was inevitable. But the sum of the relation is, that the vessel, sailing at the amazing rate of forty-eight knots an hour, arrived at Portsmouth before any of the crew was thoroughly awake. Though, from the oath they afterwards made before the Mayor of the town, viz. that they went to sleep off the rock of Lisbon on the over night, infernal agency was clearly proved. In fact, one of the men made a solemn asseveration, that he either was, or fancied he was, awake some part of the night, and saw the shrouds of the vessel filled with black men, apparently very small, but acting with an agility that exceeded any human beings.

*Proofs of Spirits and Apparitions in the Isle of Man. From Waldron's Survey.*

AT my first coming into the island, and hearing these sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprized when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgment. Among this number was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed with the most solemn asseveration, that being of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom, a few yards distance, he imagined were school-boys, and intended, when he came near enough, to reprimand, for being absent from their exercises at that time of the day, it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock: but when he approached, as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all immediately disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being in an open field, without hedge or bush, and, as I said before, broad day.

Another inſtance, which might ſerve to ſtrengthen the credit of the former, was told me by a perſon who had the reputation of the utmoſt integrity.—This man being deſirous of diſpoſing of a horſe he had at that time no great occaſion for, and riding him to market for that purpoſe, was accoſted, in paſſing over the mountains, by a little man in a plain dreſs, who aſked him if he would ſell his horſe. It is that deſign I am going on, replied the perſon who told me the ſtory. On which, the other deſired to know the price.—Eight pounds, ſaid he. No, reſumed the purchaſer, I will give no more than ſeven; which, if you will take, here is your money. The owner thinking he had bid pretty fair, agreed with him, and the money being told out, the one diſmounted, and the other got on the back of the horſe, which he had no ſooner done, than both beaſt and rider ſunk into the earth immediately, leaving the perſon who had made the bargain in the utmoſt terror and conſternation. As ſoon as he had a little recovered himſelf, he went directly to the parſon of the pariſh, and related what had paſſed, deſiring he would give his opinion whether he ought to make uſe of the money he had received, or not. To which he replied, that as he had made a fair bargain, and no way circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent, the buyer, he ſaw no reaſon to believe, in caſe it was an evil ſpirit, it could have any power over him. On this aſſurance, he went home well ſatisfied, and nothing afterward happened to give him any diſquiet concerning this affair.

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A ſecond account of the ſame nature I had from a clergyman, and a perſon of more ſanctity than the generality of his function in this iſland. It was his cuſtom to paſs ſome hours every evening in a field near his houſe, indulging meditation, and calling himſelf to an account for the tranſactions of the paſt day: as he was in this place one night, more than ordinarily wrapt in contemplation, he wandered, without thinking where he was, a conſiderable way farther than it was uſual for him to do; and, as he told me, he knew not how far the deep muſing he was in, might have carried him, if it had not been ſuddenly interrupted by a noiſe, which, at firſt, he took to be the diſtant bellowing of a bull, but, as he liſtened more heedfully to it, found there was ſomething more terrible in the ſound than could proceed from that creature. He confeſſed to me, that he was no leſs affrighted than ſurprized, eſpecially when the noiſe coming ſtill nearer, he imagined, whatever it was that it proceeded from, it

must pass him: he had, however, presence enough of mind to place himself with his back to a hedge, where he fell on his knees, and began to pray to God with all the vehemence so dreadful an occasion required. He had not been long in that position, before he beheld something in the form of a bull, but infinitely larger than ever he had seen in England, much less in Man, where the cattle are very small in general. The eyes, he said, seemed to shoot forth flames; and the running of it was with such force, that the ground shook under it as in an earthquake. It made directly toward a little cottage, and there, after most horribly roaring, disappeared. The moon being then at the full, and shining in her utmost splendor, all these passages were perfectly visible to our amazed divine, who having finished his ejaculation, and given thanks to God for his preservation, went to the cottage, the owner of which, they told him, was that moment dead. The good old gentleman was loth to pass a censure which might be judged an uncharitable one; but the deceased having the character of a very ill liver, most people, who heard the story, were apt to imagine this terrible apparition came to attend his last moments.

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A strange and wonderful story is told, and currently believed here, of an apparition frequently seen at Castle Rushia, in the form of a woman, who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons, who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison affirm, they have seen it various times; but what I took most notice of, was the report of a gentleman, of whose good understanding, as well as veracity, I have a great opinion. He told me, that happening to be abroad late one night, and catched in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman stand before the castle-gate, where being not the least shelter, it somewhat surprised him, that any body, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch, or shed, of which there are several in Castle-Town, than chuse to stand still, exposed and alone, in such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer, that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements, he perceived she retreated on his approach, and, at last, he thought, went into the castle, though the gates were shut: this obliging him to think he had seen a spirit, sent him home very much terrified; but the next day, relating his adventure to some people who lived in the castle, and describing, as near as he

could, the garb and ſtature of the apparition, they told him it was that of the women above mentioned, who had been frequently ſeen, by the ſoldiers on guard, to paſs in and out of the gates, as well as to walk through the rooms, though there was no viſible means to enter.

Though ſo familiar to the eye, no perſon has yet, however, had the courage to ſpeak to it; and, as they ſay, a ſpirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do ſo in a proper manner, the reaſon of its being permitted to wander is unknown.

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Another ſtory of the like nature, I have heard concerning an apparition, which has frequently been ſeen on a wild common near Kirk Jarmyn Mountains, which, they ſay, aſſumes the ſhape of a wolf, and fills the air with moſt terrible howlings.

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But having run on ſo far in the account of ſupernatural appearances, I cannot forget what was told me by an Engliſh gentleman, my particular friend. He was about paſſing over Douglas bridge before it was broken down, but the tide being high, he was obliged to take the river, having an excellent horſe under him, and one accuſtomed to ſwim. As he was in the middle of it, he heard, or imagined he heard, the fineſt ſymphony—I will not ſay in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horſe was no leſs ſenſible of the harmony than himſelf, and kept in an immoveable poſture all the time it laſted; which, he ſaid, could not be leſs than than three quarters of an hour, according to the moſt exact calculation he could make, when he arrived at the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming.

He who before laughed at all ſtories of ſpirits, now became a convert, or at leaſt ſuſpended his incredulity, and allowed that there might be ſome extraordinary viſitations in the world for providential purpoſes.

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As to uncommon knockings and noiſes, I cannot deny, but I have been a witneſs to many things of that kind, which the profeſſors of modern philoſophy would enjoy themſelves much in ridiculing me for; yet, in ſpite of their laughter, I muſt declare I once thought I heard a whiſtle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me.

For my part, I ſhall not pretend to determine if ſuch appearances have any reality, or are only the effect of the imagi-

nation; but as I had much rather give credit to them, than be convinced by ocular demonſtration, I ſhall leave the point to be diſcuſſed by thoſe who have made it more their ſtudy; and only ſay, that whatever belief we ought to give to ſome accounts of this kind, there are others, and thoſe much more numerous, which merit only to be laughed at: it not being at all conſonant to reaſon, or the idea religion gives us of the fallen angels, to ſuppoſe ſpirits ſo eminent in wiſdom and knowledge, as to be exceeded by nothing but their Creator, ſhould viſit the earth for ſuch trifling purpoſes as to throw bottles and glaſſes about a room, and a thouſand other as ridiculous gambols, mentioned in thoſe voluminous treatiſes of apparitions.

It is alſo abſolutely a fact, that, before any perſon die, the proceſſion of the funeral is ſeen by ſeveral perſons in proceſſion, as it will go to the church-yard in reality, by a ſort of beings, which for that end render themſelves viſible. I know ſeveral that have offered to make oath, that, as they have been paſſing the road, one of theſe funerals has come behind them, and even laid the bier on their ſhoulders, as though to aſſiſt the bearers. One perſon, who aſſured me he had been ſerved ſo, told me, that the fleſh of his ſhoulders had been very much bruiſed, and was black for many years after. There are few in the iſland, but, one time or other, have ſeen and heard theſe ſupernatural obſequies; for it muſt not be omitted, that they ſing pſalms in the ſame manner as thoſe do who accompany the corpſe of a dead friend, which ſo little differ from real ones, that they are not to be known till both coffin and mourners are ſeen to vaniſh at the church-doors. Theſe they take to be a ſort of friendly demons, and their buſineſs, they ſay, is to warn people of what is to befal them: accordingly they give notice of any ſtranger's approach, by the trampling of horſes at the gate of the houſe where they are to arrive. As difficult as I found it to bring myſelf to give any faith to this, I have frequently been very much ſurpriſed, when, on viſiting a friend, I have found the table ready ſpread, and every thing in order to receive me, and been told by the perſon to whom I went, that he had knowledge of my coming, or ſome other gueſt, by theſe good-natured intelligencers. Nay, when obliged to be abſent ſome time from home, my own ſervants have aſſured me they were informed by theſe means of my return, and expected me the very hour I came, though perhaps it was ſome days before I hoped it myſelf at my going abroad. That this is fact, I am poſitively convinced by

many proofs; but how or wherefore it ſhould be ſo, has frequently given me much matter of reflection, yet left me in the ſame uncertainty as before.

*Flying Dutchman at the Cape.*

I HAVE heard the oldeſt ſeamen, as well as young ones, and men of credit too, relate the following circumſtance for fact. Generally ſpeaking, previous to a ſtorm, a ſloop or ſchooner-rigged veſſel, all white, is ſeen with unuſual rapidity flying paſt, and ſcarcely ſkimming the ſurface of the water. This is the moſt fatal omen to mariners in this part of the world; and there are few who have been in the habit of viſiting the Cape, but have ſeen or converſed with ſome who have ſeen this ſurpriſing phenomena, which, although philoſophy cannot account for, is as certain as the appearance of Caſtor and Pollux among the ancients.

*Mine Knockers.*

THE hiſtory of mine-working is inſeparable from the obſervation of the exiſtence of theſe viſible, though untangible, beings. By every account they are in all the moſt profitable mines; and when they forſake one, the ore is not any longer worth ſeeking after. They are repreſented as ſhort below, four feet in height, and, without any noiſe, ſeem in the night to purſue every occupation of the miners by day. They work, as it were, with mattock and ſpade, like diggers, and wheel the ore, the miners ſay, as they do in their labour. England is not the only country were theſe officious and inoffenſive beings are ſeen; for they are as common in Germany and Bohemia. About two years ago, a long account of theſe ſurpriſing geniuſes appeared in the papers; and the ſurveyor of a conſiderable coal mine, in the vicinity of York, communicated a particular account of their proceedings to Silvanus Urban, editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. The curious reader may ſee an engraving of their proceedings and appearances under the portrait of the ever-memorable John Hales, uſually prefixed to his Remains in 4to. To doubt their exiſtence, or deny their appearance, in Sunderland, Cumberland, or any of the coal countries, would be equal to heterodoxy in the church.

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